

# Light of Truth.

Anponent of the New Philosophy of Life, Here and Hereafter.

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Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

## Led to the Light.

By HUDSON TUTTLE.

CHAPTER XV.

DEATH.

The sermons on the succeeding Sunday were received with more than usual favor. They were polished literary productions, and, as no doctrines were expressed, no fault could be found with their orthodoxy. The morning's discourse on charity might be taken as having personal allusions, if any one ever applied such allusions to themselves. It is some one else who receives the whipping, and, although the coat would be an excellent fit for us, we laugh to think how perfectly it sets on others.

A few of the oldest members grumbled as usual over the lack of the strong points of doctrine, supported by Bible texts, the younger portion were delighted with the eloquence of their pastor, and crowded around him when he descended from the desk, with congratulations. Usually this would have been delightful. Nothing can be more grateful to a speaker than commendation at the close of his effort. It is not from love of praise, but the sensitiveness of exhaustion which seeks a return of the forces it has sent out. In the ratio of the brilliancy of the discourse is the corresponding depression and the feeling that it has been a failure. To fall from the intense heights of burning utterance, when ideas glow with a reality unknown to objective things, and thoughts assumed personality, to the dead level of common utterance, with every fibre of the overwrought nervous system, quivering with the strain, can not be understood by those who have not had the experience. It is then a friendly word, assuring the pelasure the auditors have received, is indeed a balm in Gilead.

Mr. Arling had not been true to his convictions. He had been false inasmuch as he had suppressed the truth. Hence his depression of spirits continued, and when at home, after the severe labors of the day, he threw himself into a chair with a feeling that his work was waste. How far below his ideal had been these discourses. How tame his words to the thoughts which flashed, and flamed, and strove for utterance! Rebellious thoughts, which, had he given them rein, would have shocked his hearers as sacrilegious. He was running a race in chains, and under such conditions praise was a mockery and humiliation.

"Illy bestowed were the words of commendation," he said moodily.

"How unjust you are to yourself," replied Asphodel, who sat opposite, caring for baby Flo. "I was proud of you, and the people were likewise. Do you know you have lost your ministerial manners and taken those of the lecturer."

"I observed the change and queried whether it was intended or unconscious," said Stella.

"Quite unconscious, I assure you. I have entered a new field of thought, and if my manner of delivery is as changed as my views, it must be indeed striking."

Asphodel, seeing the child awakening, sang the exquisite baby song from the German:

"Thou hast two ears and one small mouth!  
And wilt thou grieve the day?  
It is that very much thou'lt hear,  
And little thereof say."

"Thou hast two eyes, and one small mouth!  
And think thou, 'tis not well?  
It is that many things thou'lt see,  
And keep thy secrets well."

"Thou hast two hands and one small mouth!  
Dost thou the reason know?  
Just twice as much as thou shalt eat,  
That thou must earn, I trow."

"What a thrifty song!" cried Stella. "You would have our Flo grow up into a Gretchen with wooden shoes, milk the cows, and go into the field, what a life to look forward to?"

Asphodel bent and kissed the little hand. "Two hands to earn bread! That is what countless mothers must look forward to when they rear their children. Just winners of bread! Poor little hands, must they grow calloused in the desperate struggle for life?"

"Do you not think Flo a beautiful child?" asked Stella in admiration.

"Why ask?" replied Asphodel smiling. "A mother sees perfection in her child."

"Her cheeks are unusually red, are they not, sister?"

"I think she has a slight cold. Her hands are hot to my lips."

The anxious eyes of the mother detected the slight flush of fever, and magnified the least ailment. She pressed Flo to her bosom and was reassured by the child's playfulness.

In the middle of the night she was awakened by the low crying of Flo, and found her burning with fever. "Mamma, water?" was her constant call, and the anxious mother gave her the coolest and freshest. The physician was delayed and did not come until morning. By that time her throat began to trouble her, and she drank with difficulty. After examination the doctor said in dismayed tones that he feared she was suffering from diphtheria. The mother's heart stopped beating at this announcement, and a choking sensation overcame her. Stella was equally affected, and, with ashy face, exclaimed:

"Oh, doctor, you must not say that!"

"You are needlessly alarmed," replied the doctor, "I have had several cases of late, and, with one exception, the patients have recovered. The disease has not yet advanced to a crisis, and may be held in check."

The doctor remained, and they read in his anxious face a contradiction to his words. They changed with each other in holding the child, who objected to being placed on the bed. Mr. Arling was more affected than his wife, though he strove bravely to keep up good cheer.

The morning dawned on an anxious household. The fever had increased and spasms of coughing or choking came more frequently and were more prolonged.

"Oh, why has it been ordered that this soft and angelic being suffers such tortures?" exclaimed Arling. "What sin has she committed that she must be bound to the rack? Oh, God,

how gladly would I endure these spasms, ay, a thousand times, to spare her!"

He was interrupted by the entrance of Deacon Lane. "I came to inquire about your child," began the deacon; "I hear she is very sick, and, I thought, maybe you'd need words of comfort."

"I do assuredly need such words," replied Arling. "The light seems going out of my heaven. What has our baby done that she must perish with torture?"

"What has she done? Original sin, original sin!" said the deacon. "The children's teeth shall be set on edge by the parents eating sour grapes. It goes back to Adam, and the corruption wrought by him in human nature. We are all damned in the beginning, Brother Arling, and only through the mercy of God in Christ are we saved."

Never before had this doctrine appeared in its horror, and Arling could scarcely withhold himself until Lane had finished, then he cried in angry tones:

"Is that your religion? It is not mine. I abhor it from the depths of my soul. Do you ask me to believe in a God, who can, yet will not, spare my child? A God who thus causes her agony because Adam sinned six thousand years ago, I scorn, I detest such a tyrant God!"

A frown came over the ruffled face of the deacon which changed to one of surprise and alarm.

"It is Satan who speaks!" he exclaimed, "let us pray." He fell on his knees and offered up a fervent prayer, for the sparing of the child, and that Satan might not stand in the way of Brother Arling's salvation.

"Now, Brother Arling, you must bow before the throne of grace."

"I have prayed unceasingly," was the reply in tones of a man vanquished in all his hopes. "There is no use, I might as well appeal to a stone. There is no God who answers such idle prayers." His voice grew fierce with anger. "Do not press this upon me. I am in no mood to talk of it."

"Be resigned, brother, resigned to the will of God. We must bow beneath his chastening rod and not rebel with hardened hearts. I will go, and morning and evening beseech the throne of grace for the recovery of your child."

It would be difficult to analyze the deacon's thoughts as he left his minister. Whether Arling was obsessed by Satan or crazed by his great grief, he could not decide, that he should of himself, as a conviction, express himself as he had, was too preposterous to entertain. He had not yet become acquainted with the symptoms of the heresy epidemic. As for Arling, he felt a relief for the explosion and strengthened by the rebellion against the bondage under which he had chafed. He hastened to the room of the little sufferer. The terrible part of it was that she was conscious, and when the spasms of choking came on a fear came into her eyes, as though she knew her danger, and this would change to an appealing glance that broke their hearts.

There were several long intervals and their hopes were brightened. The doctor, at one unusually long, cheerfully told them that the crisis was passed and she would soon rally, and, in a few days at most, be at her play. Their hearts grew light, a great crushing weight lifted, and life never seemed so gladsome and worth the living.

"If she is spared us," said Arling, "I will complain at no other loss. Nothing that can come to us can be comparable with the loss of our darling."

Then, as they were almost congratulating themselves with the assurance of recovery, there came a fearful attack, and the light went out of the heavens. All the second night they watched with dry eyes and throbbing hearts alternating between hope and fear, with the balance constantly inclining more and more to the latter.

The morning stole over the earth grey and cold. The red lines of the dark clouds showed where the sun was rising. As Arling looked out of the window over the snow-fields, past the trees bending in dull frost, and like ghosts outlined on the cold black clouds, the world never appeared as harsh and forbidding.

He turned to Asphodel who was holding Flo in her arms. For hours she had been sitting like a statue, scarcely moving, and refusing to be relieved. Weary? She felt no physical weariness or pain. She would have experienced mental relief if she had. Stella bent over Flo, who lay motionless, breathing with difficulty. There was an expression on her face which they had not seen before, an appalling expression, which can not be described, which once seen can not be forgotten, which we understand as by intuition has only one meaning. She looked up to her mother, and as their eyes met each read the thoughts of the other. The terrible moment was approaching. Surely as the hands move forward to her hours, it was coming. No power on earth or, in heaven could avert it! Oh, what helpless beings we are in the hands of destiny! How feeble to plan, how impotent to execute!

Flo threw her tiny hands up to her throat; there was a prolonged effort for breath, mercifully not long, and then the mother felt the form relax, sink down into her arms, and knew that she held only the shard, the broken bars of the cage from which her bird of song had escaped forever.

"Oh, I will not let you go, dear, dear child," she cried. "God is not so cruel, so unjust, so merciless!"

The grief of his wife aroused Arling, and, though himself broken-hearted, he sought to comfort her. "Our darling Flo has gone to the angels. Let us believe they will care for her. Perhaps our loss may be her gain."

"No, no, do not talk to me! There is no God, there can be no God, or this cruelty would not be. If there was a God he would not give a mother a child and then tear her heart asunder by its death! No, no, do not talk! Flo! Flo! Speak, I am here, darling! Just one word to mamma! She will not speak. She is asleep! I think, Stella, yes, she must be dead!" She said this in a dazed way, and her sister threw her arms around her neck and both silently wept. The great Newfoundland dog that had lain by Asphodel's chair, motionless except its large eyes, looking up with mute appeal, arose, and with a deep moan, placed his head on his mistress' knee, and diverted her attention.

"Poor Brownie, you know as well as we."

Arling took the body and placed it tenderly on the little bed. Brownie followed, and, with a low whine, lay down by the side of the couch.

Diphtheria was not then considered as the contagious disease it has now been proven to be, and the quarantine with desertion of friends had not to be borne. Friends came offer-

ing consolation and sympathy with words weak and meaningless, however freighted with their soul's sympathy. Loving hands placed the broken shrine in the white casket, and others brought snowy flowers, a calla with roses. Sympathizing souls lined the grave with evergreen, that in the semblance of a bower the harsh aspect of the grave might be softened. Yet had not the mother's heart been stupified with the blow, she could not have borne the ordeal.

To return to the childless home, to become accustomed to her absence; a thousand times during the day to start at her fancied call; to reach over in the night and arrange the clothing, were sad experiences, which tore her aching heart strings. More than all else, the great void, the sense of irreparable loss settled like a pall over her mind. As the casket rested by the grave ready to receive its precious offering, a single snow flake fell and rested on the plate where "Our Flo" was written. It rested there white and pure as the heavens from which it came, as the soul of the child, and seemed like the crystallized tear of an angel, invisible bending low over the bier.

What more? There will be placed with tears a little marble slab, with a name, above the grassy mound. The grass will grow green and tender hands plant flowers. In Spring the song-birds will sing their carols of love in the murmuring evergreens overhead, and in Autumn the crows will mournfully crow in the heavens as they take their flight southward. Is that all?

We shall see.

That evening Brownie was missing. He came not home in the morning. Then they went out to the cemetery and found him on the grave. He would not be persuaded to come away, and providing him a rude shelter, they left him to guard the mound of his little mistress for whom even in death, his absorbing fidelity and devoted attachment knew no abatement.

[To be Continued]

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

## LOVE, MARRIAGE, AND DIVORCE.

BERTHA J. FRENCH.

Too often the curtain rising on the drama of marriage discloses no enchanting tableau of Cupid resting in cherubic sweetness under a halo of romanticism, but, relegated to the humiliating role of a subordinate, we see the imperious little rogue, with drooping wings and pensive pose—even the little arrow has a melancholy aspect—standing in the background, peering with large eyes of wonder at the stars of the stage—Avarice, Selfishness, and Vanity—who over conditions, portions, and settlements are haggling with the sharpness of a Shylock and the cunning of a Machiavelli.

On the stage of Modernity, how numerous and varied are the pictures enacted in the name of Marriage! The woman, perhaps, weds for a home, for riches, or to escape being an "old maid." The man, may be, marries because he wishes a housekeeper or a toy, "a doll with its petticoats trimmed in the fashion," or an heiress. Then we have boy and girl unions a la David Copperfield, who "in the first mistaken impulse of an undisciplined heart," weds a sweet little idiot. Plentiful are the unions of those who, like Podnicheff, are on a plane lower than the "brutish beast." But a travesty, where the reprehensible merges into the diabolical, is the international matrimonial bargain, in which an heiress "swaps" gold for a title and a cur—herself a mere bagatelle that binds the bargain. This is what Swedenborg would call an "infernal marriage."

Without love on either side, we hear the most solemn vows to love, honor, and protect. To denude speech of its pretty conventionalities, what does such a marriage represent but perjury and legalized prostitution? The so-called fallen woman is often driven to a downward career by necessity. Does she not many times receive in payment for her toil a pittance that would not buy food for a bird? Perhaps she can not find work at all. She may have some helpless being dependent upon her for support. The very men who can not afford to pay decent wages to a woman can afford to bestow princely sums on prostitution. The fashionable woman who sells herself in the orthodox, conventional manner to Mr. Moneybags or for a title feels ineffable scorn for her outcast sister. And yet wherein lies the difference, excepting the latter's offense may be the result of necessity, while the other's motive is the gratification of greed and vanity. The world smiles approval on the one and contemptuously fastens the scarlet letter on the other. Oh, discerning world!

If "revenge is sweet," outraged Cupid soon has an opportunity to nibble at that saccharine substance, for when again the curtain rises on the "bargain," the husband and wife appear not quite as happy as the angels in heaven; in fact, Dante's "Inferno" is paradise compared with this domestic pandemonium, especially if the elegant count proves to be a quondam "organ-grinder."

Though love is the only priest that can make marriage divinely legal, it is not the difficulty to know when one really does love? Cupid is such a clever counterfeiter. So many think they are in love, when the truth is they are only idle, or are in love with Love or with themselves when they think they are with some one else. This erotic mirage is a reality until it disappears, leaving the travelers on a stretch of sandy desert. It is a mirage that appears many times in some lives, and in each instance does not the beholder think, *this is the genuine*. Youth is attracted by a pretty exterior as a child is by a gay toy. Take the case of David Copperfield: a coquettish tossing of a curly head, a few glances from bright eyes, and David is so captivated that for him the world is transformed into Dora.

With the passing years Dora remains mentally a child, while David's intellect expands with the blossoming buds of genius. He finds they can not go through a "party-supperable kind of life like two pretty pieces of confectionery." He sadly realizes that "there can be no disparity in marriage like the unsuitability of mind and purpose." With masculine tact (?) he tries the "making-over" process. He tries to form his Dora's mind. The sequence is he nearly breaks her heart, and is himself about as miserable a boy-husband as ever tried to breathe in the opaque air of domestic infelicity. Fortunately he soon sees his mistake, and realizes he must live with his wife as she is, not as he would like to have her. Happily for both, before vague unrest merges into open discontent, death bears away in his arms the sweet child-wife. In Agnes, David Copperfield finds his soul-mate, who keeps pace

with him intellectually, and is his inspiration spiritually. In real life is not this often the case, that "first love" is but the prelude to a symphony? Is it well to yield to the bewitchment of the prelude? In other words, are early marriages advisable?

In early youth tastes, intellect, and judgment are in an embryonic state; the sentimental is predominant. A youth meets a maiden, perhaps in the ball-room. He thinks, "What a fine figure! What exquisite features! How wonderfully she dances!" Undisciplined fancy whispers, "It is she." A few waltzes, a few walks by moonlight, and the mischief is done. Under the canopy of illusion woven by the senses the two are wed.

Years pass away. Time brings to birth the embryonic qualities of each. In her, perhaps, what was girlish vivacity has ripened into the acerbity of the shrew; or she may be a married coquette, a butterfly of fashion, with no more aspiration than that gaudy insect, or worst case of all, she may have developed into one of those exasperating creatures who are always as placid as a well-fed tabby cat in a sun-bath. She never rises above the creature comforts aspired to by Grimalkin, while his mind is a furnace of intellectual flame. He may be a poet, a preacher, or a politician. His soul is tremulous in the rose mantle of enthusiasm, forgetting for the moment that he is wedded to a lump of clay. He speaks ardently of his last speech, an effort that electrified his hearers; she looks up with her unmeaning smile, and like a douche of iced water comes the placid drawl: "Y-e-s, d-e-a-r, v-e-r-y n-i-c-e, d-e-a-r; but, just look, Bridget has burned to a cinder that lovely piece of beef." Then follows a long dissertation on servants and beef, interspersed with "and, dear, the children must have wool dresses for winter," "the last flour that grocer clerk brought is dreadfully poor," and "that careless dress-maker has just ruined my new black silk."

His recent triumph is annihilated. She is a good woman, and he knows it, but can he love her? This couple chained together by the fretting bonds of matrimony. Are they not as incongruous as a wild horse of the plains yoked with a kitten.

Here is another case. A refined, intellectual woman may awaken from love's first dream to find herself wedded to a clod, or the dashing cavalier may have taken to drink, and a loathsome, bloated brute, sensualized by drink, comes home to make this delicate, dainty woman his victim.

Is it right that these couples, whom God or nature or common sense never joined should be held in galling bondage by man? Divorce is a perplexing subject. In the present state of moral development, would not many seek an alliance, intending only a brief romance? Also would not many think, "What is the use of trying to round my angularities to fit the nuptial noose, when the knot is so easily untied?" On the other hand, if marriage is indissoluble, what misery and sin must ensue from unhallowed alliances. Let us hear what Milton says on the subject:

Where love can not be there can be left of wedlock nothing but the empty husks of an unholy matrimony, as unpleasing to God as any other kind of hypocrisy. It is less a breach of wedlock to part, with wise and quiet consent betimes, than still to soil and to profane that mystery of joy and union with a polluting sadness and perpetual distemper.

Indissoluble marriage will no more prevent unwise unions than hanging will prevent murder. Love-intoxicated youth is not looking for penalties.

Divorce breaks up the home is the anti-divorce argument (sophistry). A home where love is not is already broken; divorce only sweeps away the polluting debris. If after patient effort two people find they can not live together in love and amiability—if a feeling of dislike, with its poisonous aura, has taken the place of the supposed love that drew them together, in consonance with morality, with the highest laws of God, they should separate. If circumstances forbid separation, they may live in the Platonic relationship of brother and sister. This may seem a hard fate; but they must remember that ignorant innocence has to pay the penalty of violated law as well as wanton wickedness. J. St. John gives a reasonable solution of the divorce question in two sentences:

All the tendencies of society should be to give stability to the union of affection. All the laws of the State should favor the dissolution of unions founded on anything else. But while the law favors divorce, education should be inimical to it.

Marriages are imperfect because human nature is imperfect, and the imperfection of humanity is largely due to unwise marriages. The solution lies in individual development in moral evolution. Reason, intuition, analogy, nature, all furnish evidence to prove that every person has a soul-mate. What is the reason that more persons do not recognize their alter-ego? Is it not because so many are in such a comparatively low strata of development, blinded by ignorance, selfishness, and sensualism? When time (or if Theosophy is true, repeated incarnations) has brought the finer faculties to efflorescence, then each shall know his own. In that happy time there will be no need of the admonition, "Let no man put asunder," for those whom God by the law of love has joined, neither man, time, change, nor death can put asunder. Till that time shall dawn, humanity might gather wisdom from Esop's frogs. They wished some water, "but they did not leap into the well because they could not get out again."

Williamian, Conn.

J. W. Sullivan in *Twentieth Century* says: "The Church preaches a lowly pauper Christ, but it actually everywhere worships the millionaire. It pretends to fight sin; but everywhere welcomes sin, plated with gold. The Protestant Church shuns the poor; the Catholic bleeds them. In his conduct not one grown man in ten in America to-day heeds the uttered admonitions of the Church any more than the college man the don'ts taught him by his nursery governess. Public opinion is nearly everywhere in advance of the Church. The pews drag the pulpit onward."

The Rev. Albert Barnes, the well-known writer of notes on the Gospel, in a letter on theological problems says: "In the distress and anguish of my own spirit, I confess I see no light whatever. I see not one ray of light why sin came into the world, and why the earth is strewn with the dead and dying, and why men must suffer to all eternity; and God only can save them, and yet he does not do it. I am struck dumb. *All is darkness to my soul, and I can not disguise it.*"



## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Reported for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

## WALT WHITMAN.

Sunday, March 14th, Dr. George A. Fuller lectured for the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, and we had, indeed, a feast of spiritual food. The morning subject was "The Intolerance of the Ages," and the evening subject was "Religion of Science," both being handled in a very able manner. The audience was well pleased, and in perfect sympathy with the speaker.

On Thursday evening, March 16th, the doctor gave a lecture, entitled "The Voice of Walt Whitman." I shall endeavor to give some thoughts as taken from the lecture.

A writer in a recent number of the *Century* magazine says, "A voice is a real thing; it has spirit and life in it." Certainly the voice may be called the index of the man; it reveals not only the real character, but also the true purpose of life.

Inasmuch as some are able to judge of character either by the shape of the head or contour of the face, so also we judge of a man by his voice. Some voices are forever out of tune, while others are full of melody, each being a most perfect revelation of its owner; but not always the sweetest, softest, most melodious voices have the greater messages to deliver.

The voice of the elder prophets are full of the fury of the storm, and have sounded through the ages, increasing in power. The voice of a Shakespeare at times gave forth the most discordant notes, while at others it seemed to melt into "liquid notes of melody." The voice of a Tennyson was full of that vitality which is born of a truly spiritual life.

Among the many voices that have sounded on this side of the Atlantic, perhaps the most truly American was that of Walt Whitman. We do not find this voice polished by contact with the polite conventionalities of the world, but instead free, "untamed," and almost "untranslatable," as he himself has expressed it.

"I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world," and the message of that voice will sound "over the roofs of the world," not comprehended by the masses, especially those who love the old customs and traditions of the world more than they do the spirit of progress that is in all things. But the spiritually inclined will be able to understand and interpret his message to the world.

In 1855 Walt Whitman gave to the world "Leaves of Grass." This work was made up of a series of poems that dealt with nearly all the problems of life, political and social. If we should say that this work completely astonished the literary world, we should put it very mildly indeed. If a new poet had fallen out of the heavens, full fledged, with his poems all free from the studied elegance of the past, the world could not have been more dumbfounded. Here was the first poet since Homer's time bold enough to create a style of his own. To use his own words, "It won't do for us to absorb and chew forever on the poetry of the old world, of which Shakespeare is the most illustrious model. We must have a great poetic expression from our own soil, conforming to our public and private life. The primary materials for poetry are the same forever; like a font of type, poetry must be set up over again, consistent with American, modern, and democratic institutions."

Here we have an original and unique voice sounding forth the very principle of true poetry, the keynote of all reform and progress. No flute-like strains were here, but instead the outpouring of a soul that could not be translated with old set forms. Here we have a soul as full and broad as our great prairies.

That man should not be ashamed of himself. The voice of Whitman thus speaks in the "Songs of Myself":

I celebrate myself and sing myself, and what I assume you shall assume; for every atom belonging to me as good as belongs to you.

Here we have in the very commencement of this new strange voice the thought of democracy, the thought of human brotherhood, the thought of the possibilities latent within the human soul. There is a boldness, a freedom, and a kind of reckless dash about his poems that is always refreshing. Here the voice leads up to the realization of what is truly great in humanity, and drives us, as it were with a scourge, from the old beaten pathway into the new, and encourages us to test our powers, to explore new fields:

Long have you timidly waded, holding a plank by the shore; now I will teach you to be a bold swimmer—to jump off into the midst of the sea, rise again, nod to me, snout, and laughingly dash with your hair.

His was a spirit that would not be confined by the conventionalities of the world. He was the poet of the entire man, the body as well as the soul. To him one was not more nor greater than the other. To him, as we have already said, the entire body was pure and good, and nothing—not God—is greater to one than one's self is, and the soul was not more than the body.

In 1865 he published "Drum Taps," poems of the war, voicing throughout the spirit of loyalty and freedom. 1888 was published "Sands at Seventy."

A portion of his life was devoted to a labor of love, caring for the sick and wounded soldiers.

When he died the most noted of our poets laid their tribute upon his bier. Aldrich, Gilder, and Stedman fairly covered the sleeping body with flowers, ivy leaves, and palm leaves. Among the pall bearers were Ingessoll, Hawthorne, Furness, Burton, and Childs. Addresses were made at the funeral by Harned, Buck, and Brinton, and the eulogy was pronounced by Ingessoll.

He was the poet of life. He was also the poet of love. He was the poet of the natural, and taught man not to be ashamed of that which is natural. As such let him stand as pre-eminently the greatest of American poets, not because he has uttered the most supreme words, but because he has evoked the harmonies of nature, and touched a hitherto unbroken chord in her great harp. And as we listen to his voice I think it will stir within us all the better part of our nature, and direct our thoughts toward a better and purer life.

His voice sounded the democracy of nature: I do not call one greater and one smaller. That which fills its period and place is equal to any.

No poet ever struck a more triumphant strain than Whitman when he sings of immortality. Death had no terrors for him; for years he sat facing death. It greeted him with the first rays of the morning sun, and was present when his last rays were lost behind the western hills. Yet the poet calmly awaited the hour he should claim him as his own, for he was conscious of after-life, and doubted not that diviner joys awaited him.

How beautiful he sings of death, as none other has ever sung:

Dark Mother, always gliding near with soft feet, have now chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome; when I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all. I sing thee a song, when thou must indeed come, come unalteringly.

Dare we say that Whitman did not at times realize the presence of dearly beloved whom death had claimed as her own? Are there not intimations of this in his poems?

Alone I had thought; yet soon a troop gathered around me. Some walk by my side, and some behind, and some em-

brace my arms and neck; they, the spirits of dear friends dead, or alive. Thicker they come, a great crowd, and I in the middle.

These stray lines certainly point in the direction of spirit communion, and may not these spirit manifestations have largely contributed to his positive statement concerning immortality?

For the light of experiences which are born of spiritual communion alone could he have cried out:

All, all for immortality.  
Love, like the light, silently wrapping all—the blossoms, fruits, orchards, divine and certain.  
Give me a God to sing that thought. Give me, give him, give her—I love this faith.

Health, peace, salvation universal.  
Is it a dream? Nay, but the lack of it a dream, and failing in life's love and wealth a dream.

And all the world a dream! Where could more perfect faith and trust in eternal justice be found? It is simply sublime, a poem in itself. Eternal progress, the destiny of the soul—of all souls—none to be lost, none thrown away. Injustice slowly dying out, man's inhumanity to man giving way to nobler comradeship of humanity, vice and crime gradually disappearing, and purity, founded upon that something that needs must ever "urge, and urge, and urge" humanity on to its noblest and highest attainments.

The religion of divine humanity finds in thee, Walt Whitman, its most illustrious exponent. Love for the meanest as well as for the highest; love for the felon in his cell as well as for the noblest of the earth—all were creatures of circumstances, all worked out a part of the divine plan, and all could be enriched with his strong loving arms.

Walt Whitman, for the gospel of comradeship we owe thee our thanks.

Walt Whitman, for revealing man to himself we owe thee our thanks.

Walt Whitman, for the strong, clear notes, sounding for equality, we owe thee our thanks.

Walt Whitman, for singing the songs of labor, and pleading the cause of the oppressed, we owe thee our thanks.

Walt Whitman, for that larger faith in the divine we owe thee our thanks.

Walt Whitman, for that piercing cry of freedom that goes up to the Andes' awful height, and penetrates even to the heart of the African jungle, we owe thee our thanks.

Walt Whitman, for making death less terrible, and revealing immortality to man, we owe thee our thanks.

Walt Whitman, on glory-crowned hills of eternal life, hail, all hail! A brother incensed in flesh salutes thee, hail, all hail!

Walt Whitman, through many devious paths, treading thy way, thou hast gained the goal and victory at last, and now, with God's bright angels standing, hast found the comradeship of kindred souls.

Walt Whitman, we bid thee not good-bye, as thy great soul doth take its upward flight, but instead unite our voices with the angel chorus swelling, and bid thee, hail, all hail!

E. M. N.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

## PLEASANT READING NO. 9.

ARLINGTON.

The weary housewife, borne down by the burden of her never-ending task, expressed the desire of many when she said her idea of heaven was a place of eternal rest. To the overworked millions there is more happiness conveyed in the word rest than in the most lurid description of the New Jerusalem. Yet those who are not crushed by over-toil are not pleased with the prospect of endless rest, unless they define it in the language of the great German poet:

## REST.

Rest is not quitting  
The busy career;  
Rest is the fitting  
Of self to one's sphere.  
'Tis the brook's motion,  
Clear without strife,  
Fleeting to ocean,  
After this life.  
'Tis loving and serving  
The highest and best;  
'Tis onward, unswerving,  
And this is true rest.

In reading some of the spiritualistic publications we fear that some believers have quite as gross materialistic views of the next life as those entertained by the old black woman who said she had been to heaven.

"Did you see any of de colored ladies dar?" asked a younger one. "Oh, go way, honey. You 'spose I went in de kitchen when I was dar?"

To describe the next life in words applicable to this is like bringing the stars of heaven to the level of the glow-worm. Ideally we can vaguely recognize, as a perfume borne by a breeze from other lands, something of that other life. Sophocles, the Greek, said of it: "To the dead there are no toils; they drink purer draughts, and continually ascend higher." Pindar beautifully said: "The good enjoy eternal sunshine night and day; pass a life free from labor, never stirring the earth by strength of hand, nor yet the crystal waters of the sea of that blessed abode, but with the honored of the gods, all such who lived true lives, and took pleasure in keeping their faith, spend in the heavens a tearless existence."

The spirit world, to satisfy the aspirations of the soul, must be essentially spiritual. Its material must be the sublimation of matter.

Some good friends protest against the danger cry of liberalism, that the Catholic power is to be feared. "Why, just read the Encyclical," they say, "and the liberal words of Sallotti. What more can you ask for? All they want is to be let alone." Just so; and if a robber should come into your house, all he would ask would be to be let alone.

To all those who think the Catholic power is too weak to cause fear, we refer a little story. Did they ever hear of a man called Blaine, "the plumed knight," who wrought for himself a grand career in the politics of the nation, and at last reached the summit of his ambition, and stood forth as the people's choice for president, and every indication of receiving a greater majority of the popular vote than any other candidate had ever received before? Just before the election a minister of the gospel, with that utter want of knowledge of common affairs characteristic of the cloth, in his exuberance of spirits, and tickled by the euphony, called out, "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion!" That blunder carried every Catholic vote to the other side, and the "plumed knight" met with his Waterloo.

The Catholics at a word from their priests defeated him. You say they have no power, and yet you dare not affirm that a presidential candidate who uttered a single word against the Church of Rome would stand the remotest chance of election. There were statesmen who, when Sumner was bombarded, said there was no danger of a war, just a little misunderstanding and "unpleasantness."

While the critics have been having a tremendous battle to decide whether Shakespeare or Bacon wrote the plays assigned to the Bard of Avon, his spirit has been stealing a march, and through a medium revised and edited his complete works. James Burns, of London, has issued the volume in a substantial royal 8vo. volume of nearly 900 double-column pages. The performance is pronounced meritorious

by eminent critics, whoever, spirit or mortal, executed it. All obscene and coarse passages are eliminated; oaths and expletives are omitted or softened; sectarian allusions changed, and especially the spiritual portion strengthened. As an illustration, we note a neat change in the well-known lines in the soliloquy of Hamlet: "Who would fardels bear, but for the sense of that something after death, the country from whose bourneless journeying all travelers can return."

Pretty good! And, now, if William could identify himself, so that the Baconian advocates might rest in peace! After writing plays that have made the world wonder, and being crowned as the poet of the Anglo-Saxon race, to be deprived of personality, and blown to the dust-heap of myths, is a sad fate; and even now we call upon William Shakespeare as a spirit to prove that he is not the cunning Bacon, stealing back in the pale light of the moon, to continue his deception.

From our Reporter's Note Book.

## A VARIETY SEANCE.

One evening last week Mr. H. W. Archer invited a few friends to his house to inaugurate a new spirit cabinet by testing its efficiency for the gathering of forces to build up and reproduce the counterparts of once living mortals—now denizens of the immortal spheres. This new construction consists of a boarded partition with a sliding-door in the center and fitted across the corner of the room, the entire inside of which is lined with black cloth to make the darkness complete during the process of materialization. Across the sliding door is a curtain to prevent disintegration by a too sudden admission of air upon opening the door for the egress of spirits when ready to communicate or show themselves to friends in the mortal.

But before even the seance for materialization was begun, spirits made good the leisure time devoted to waiting on the arrival of others who had also been invited. The conversation turned on spirit photography, when Mrs. Plymouth Weeks was suddenly controlled for blood-writing on the arm. Rolling up her sleeves, on one arm was a message signed by Daguerré to a young photographer present, she not knowing that the spirit had had any previous communion with the young man. On the other arm was a message to Mrs. Jennings-Donovan from a friend in spirit. The writing is in raised letters, clear and distinct, and readily construed. It is similar to that produced through Charles Foster's mediumship. Following this an adjournment to the seance-room was taken up, the cabinet and surroundings thoroughly inspected, and all doubts alleviated as to deception. But before retiring to the cabinet (after the circle had been formed around it) Mr. Archer's control, Peggy Jackson, speaking through him, said to Mrs. Donovan, present, to take a couple of slates in her hand, as conditions were momentarily ripe for a message between closed slates. While she doubted success, she took two, handed to her, though first inspected, by the writer, and held them under the table-cover with the writer at the table watching the proceedings. In a few moments, or less than half the time it would take a mortal to do so under the most favorable conditions, with the best light and the most comfortable position for writing and drawing, the two slates were filled, one containing a long message with ordinary slate-pencil apparently, beautifully and regularly transcribed, from a friend of the medium herself. The other slate had the name Daguerré written across one corner of one slate in white, the picture of a feathered Indian near the upper center in deep red, a message following in pink signed by the Indian's name, and below a few words more in ochre.

Thereupon a little spirit showed itself upon the door-sill of the cabinet, and greeted the circle in the well-known voice of Jimmie Johnson. A few moments later an infant in swaddling clothes suddenly made its appearance, as if being lifted by an invisible hand from the feet of Mrs. Weeks and placed in her lap, when Peggy arose, took the child and passed it into the cabinet-window, where it must have been received by materialized spirit-hands, for nothing was heard to drop. Then the medium was taken into the cabinet, whereupon a beautiful, tall spirit form appeared in a snowy white attire—the medium being all in black, even to the shirt. Presently two smaller ones came (females), and recognized by two of the circle, who held converse with them, one of the latter being Mrs. Dr. Lindner, of Xenia, Ohio. Some twenty materializations took place, men and women of different sizes and costumes. One of them wore a handkerchief into a piece of lace measuring about five feet each way, then dematerialized it, took the handkerchief into the cabinet and passed it through the solid fabric of the curtain.

Among the marvelous feats were, first, the materializing of Jimmie Johnson in the rear of the circle, raising himself up, floating over the heads of the sitters (and handled in his aerial voyage by the writer to make sure it was not a dream of the imagination), letting himself down in the center of the circle, and then lifting himself up again, and floating over the cabinet top and disappearing behind it—*talking all the while* that he was in motion to prove that it was not a dead figure manipulated by mortal hands. The other marvelous feat was the materializing of E. V. Wilson, delivering a moral lecture and *speaking while in the act of dematerializing*, the head talking as it rested on the floor, when it suddenly exploded into a white cloud, which first spread and then gradually disappeared. Finally Peggy herself materialized and called for the writer, who spoke a few words to her face to face, which she answered intelligently, and then with a burst of chuckling laughter doubled herself up and dematerialized. She was coal black, with a small face and perfectly round head of small dimensions.

Among the other noted materialization was an ancient, claiming to be a former inhabitant of the lost Atlantis; an Indian in native costume, who approached the circle and shook hands with one of the sitters, introducing himself as his guide; and a soldier in his regimentals, who had passed away recently, and was recognized and conversed with by a lady present. On the whole it was a seance of wonders, but the harmony was equally as wonderful—strong enough to be felt as a tangible something resting on the entire assemblage. Nearly all present were mediums, and may in part account for the success. But love may act as a substitute if others would like to enjoy the same.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

## An Inspiration.

MABEL KLINE.

In the teachings of true Spiritualism we should hear and think less about the rights of capital, the rights of labor, and the rights of religious creeds, and more about the obligations of humanity, living up to the laws of love and harmony, and be a close student of the laws of God's universe.

Men and women should first be true to themselves, then they can help but be true to their neighbors. We should boast less about the production of wealth, but find our true triumph in devising means to make this wealth contribute in the largest degree to the comfort, the health, the education, the improvement, and the general welfare of the whole people. The largest share in the development of these benign principles must be accomplished by actions on individual sentiments, through the means of a right education and enlightened public opinion, guided by the teachings of true Spiritualism.

## MATERIALIZATION AND SLATE-WRITING.

JOS. H. DORETY.

A materializing seance was held at our home, in Oakland, Cal., last month, with Mrs. C. Fulton as the medium, which produced remarkable results. Forty-two spirits materialized, gave their names, and called for their friends. Fully as many more gave their names from the cabinet, and were recognized. In one instance a spirit appeared with the medium, and before the medium returned to the cabinet a spirit form appeared therefrom. At another time two forms came together, giving the names of Laura and Sarah, and were recognized by their brother. Mr. Carson's wife materialized and dematerialized outside of the cabinet, in view of all, and to their astonishment at the wonders of Modern Spiritualism. Then came a spirit over the top of the cabinet, looking like a little bunch of moonlight, settled to the floor, and finally shot up into a form, and walked across the room to Mr. George True for recognition. Mr. Martin received the pass-words and grips of two orders of Masonry from a materialized spirit form, thus showing the spirit's independence of the medium, and her perfection in producing forms independent of her own body, as it is not always the case with mediums for the transfiguration of spirits. The Rev. George Burrows, who was executed for witchcraft at Salem, Mass., in 1692, gave us an address, in which he stated that his brother Samuel was with him, and that the latter had had a church at Danvers, Mass., and was executed at the same time for preaching his liberal views. This concluded our remarkable seance, which was what might be called a test-seance, from the fact of its being in a private house to which the medium had been invited, and everyone present having the privilege of examining the room and cabinet corner, even before the latter was adjusted—consisting of a simple piece of black cloth stretched across one corner of the room.

During the seance a double slate was placed, with not even a pencil between them, where it could be manipulated by the spirits, should one feel disposed or be able to draw sufficient power from the medium for writing, to give us a message. At the close of the seance, upon opening the slate, we found the following message in a characteristic handwriting, closely written, and filling both sides of the slate:

Dear Friends: While in the body because of the evil deeds of those who did not love God and feel the importance of the soul's salvation, my spirit now leaves its bright and beautiful abode to come to earth. Not because I need the aid of mortals so much, but to give them the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. All day I stretch my spirit hands earthward, hoping to lay them upon some head, and thereby stimulate the brain so that I can make them understand the great laws God has ordained for the inheritance vouchsafed to them through the mediumship of Christ. The spirit world is full of those who know not Christ as their advocate, because of the violation of those spiritual laws which God ordained, to prepare them for the valued relationship of joint heirs with him in the here and hereafter of God, his father. It is through mediumship that souls ordained to eternal life by the will of God, because of obedience to his commandments, can give the light which is for the development of your soul in the spirit world. My friends, I come to earth to aid you in your earthly struggle. Let your soul be the temple of God by keeping it free from the corrupt influences that attach to the glorious cause of Spiritualism—I mean coming from those who are Spiritualists in name, while they deny the power which gives the doctrine of spirit communion its foundation. God is moving upon the minds of his creatures through his angel ministers, and will yet lift the veil that divides spirits and mortals, so as to show how in the twinkling of an eye the life of earth is changed into the life of spirit. I will come again to tell you more of the mysteries of spirit life. Good night.

Controlling spirit, C. WATKINS.

## Spirit-Painting in Oil Paints on Slates.

(To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

Knowing you are always willing to spread knowledge and light through your valuable paper, I send you an account of a very satisfactory seance I had with Mr. Campbell for slate-painting.

Some short time since I asked Mr. Campbell if he would allow me to bring a pair of slates I had at home that he belonged to my son who had passed over. Mr. Campbell said: "Why not? Bring them; we can only try." I had also a pair of slates that had been used by my husband, who had also passed over. My son's slates, I should state, are the largest size made, and while here he had carved his name on them, and many other things were also carved into them, and there was a great deal of writing on them, which I knew it was impossible to duplicate.

I also took with me the slates that had belonged to my husband. I should state that both my husband's and son's slates were book slates, and the frames cloth-bound. They were not only perfectly known to myself, but also to many of my skeptic friends, who were anxious about results, if any.

On the morning we were to sit, Mr. Campbell asked me if I would oblige him by making the proof more positive, to scratch into the slates, with the point of an awl, some name, word, or sentence. I did so on both slates. I then carried them into the seance-room; and after I had cleaned them, they were bound up very securely so that it was quite impossible for Mr. Campbell to see or touch the insides of the slates. After sitting about thirty-five minutes, Mr. Campbell said: "I can not sit any longer; I am feeling so unwell." And asked me to bring my slates into the parlor, and not to let them out of my hands on any pretence. I sat down on a settee, and regret to say Mr. Campbell fell into a chair almost fainting; he complained of feeling very sick, and they got him into the dining-room on to the lounge.

I sat still all the time, patiently and firmly holding on to my slates; before he left he had told me to wait a few minutes before opening them. When I thought the time had come, I opened the large ones first, little expecting to find anything on them, but was surprised and delighted to find the slate I had marked covered with a beautiful painting of pansies and a moss rose bud in the corner; while sitting I had expressed a wish for a moss bud, and pansies are my son's favorite flowers; to say I was surprised, hardly expresses it. I then opened the smaller slates, never thinking to see anything on them, and the slate I had marked was covered with my husband's favorite flowers (roses); they look as though they had just been torn off a bush, they are so natural.

Now, the slates had never left my presence, and no mortal could paint such flowers in so short a time, for they are truly beautiful.

I regret to say the medium, Mr. Campbell, was very ill; after the sitting I went into the dining-room before leaving, and he lay there looking very ill, but I am glad to say when I called to inquire about him on the following Saturday, I found him pretty well recovered.

I am sorry to hear Mr. Campbell has decided to leave these parts before long, for it is such mediumship as he possesses that helps the work of our glorious belief along.

A SEARCHER FOR TRUTH.

Chicago.

Says spirit John Milton: "Spiritualism is on trial with the world as a jury. Theology is its chief accuser, aided by that faithful element, ignorance. It seeks to perpetuate its baseless theories upon the downfall of truth. Likewise the Jews vainly sought to retain their power by crucifying the Nazarene."



## Spirit Message Department

### OUR FREE CIRCLE.

Every Tuesday Afternoon,

At Douglass Hall, corner Walnut and Sixth Streets. Doors open at 2:30. No one admitted after services have begun. Questions to be answered from the rostrum will be received upon these conditions: 1. They must be germane to Spiritualism. 2. Must contain one inquiry only. 3. All personalities must be avoided. 4. The name of the questioner must be attached. MRS. A. E. KIRBY, Medium. MRS. J. CLEGG WRIGHT, Chairman.

In justice to both the spirits and medium we would be pleased to have our friends verify such messages as they may happen to recognize in these columns. All communications concerning this department and questions from abroad must be addressed to C. C. STOWELL, Room 7, 206 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

### REPORT OF SEANCE.

Tuesday Afternoon, March 28, 1893.

#### PROLOGUE.

We again assemble that we may learn more of that which surrounds us and realize more fully that we are a part of the divine whole, asking our spirit friends to draw nearer. We desire to learn more of all that is needful to enable us to live better and truer lives, never forgetting that we are only here for a little while and that by and by shall ascend to higher conditions, there to enjoy all that we have earned while sojourning through the earth plane. May we realize more fully the necessity of guarding our conduct, our words, and the thoughts that are thrown out from us; that we may be enabled through this to become so pure that all may understand that we have learned of that which is spiritual. And may the day be not far distant when we shall be free from prejudice, free from all superstition, living out the highest of our nature here. All the laws of nature are beautiful and grand, and the more we learn of self the more we will know of the conditions which surround us; for the man who understands how to control self, knows how to live with eyes open to that which surrounds him, drawing nearer and nearer to that great spirit which overshadows all; which penetrates not only into your life but into the life of everything else. So, friends, realizing this and knowing that this is but a beginning, may each one of you resolve this day that you will live from now henceforth and forever to your highest.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

QUES.—[By A. D. H., Ontario, Cal.] As far as you know, while you have been in the spirit world, have you ever known of or heard of a single instance where a spirit has become re-incarnated or lost his or her identity as an inhabitant of the spirit realm?

ANS.—Friends, I have never known of any spirit that has returned to the earth plane, re-enter the physical body and pass through earth experiences again. To me it is an utter impossibility, although I have been in the spirit world over twenty-five years and have had various experiences on the spirit side of life and have seen many spirits enter the spirit world who felt and knew that their work upon the earth sphere was not completed, and I have known of these spirits returning to the earth realm and associating in unison with the spirit incarnated in the body, trying to do that which seemed necessary by impressing and controlling the incarnated spirit, but never have I known of one to return and take possession of the organism at birth or before birth, or, in fact, de-throne one spirit and take the body belonging to that spirit and live in it during its earth life. What would become of the spirit that rightfully owned the body? Every one of you after once becoming conscious lose your individuality. You continue to be. You live on and on and on forever, attaining greater heights as you develop spiritually. It would not be progression to me if re-incarnation were proven true. It seems to me that it would be a backward movement. Is there one in this room who would love to think that they had returned again as some one else to live through this earth's existence and live again that they might attain higher experiences? Now, if you knew naught of your former experiences how would it benefit you now if such should be the case? But I tell you I do not understand it in this way. I know that I exist; I know that I existed upon this planet; I know that what is, has always been. There is nothing new under the sun. Naught can ever pass away and that which is here to-day has been here always, and that which is to follow to-day is already here, for the possibility of future developments of future ages is here with you to-day. So, friends, you have always existed in some form, possibly as an atom, but afterward you have attained consciousness. But I will not accept re-incarnation, for I have not found it a fact in my case, nor of many others with whom I have come in contact, and I know that when spirits enter the spirit realm they still continue to be the same as they were while upon the earth plane with you, and they go on and ascend to greater heights than you can possibly conceive of. Every spirit that desires or wills to return to the earth plane and live over some of the years, must do so in company with the spirit incarnated in the body, not freeing the spirit from the body, but we might say living in the same house in co-partnership with that spirit. So, friends, fear not, you are individuals to-day, you will be individuals forever. You know that the sun shines brighter to you than it did in the long ago. This is because you have gained in knowledge, and understand better that which surrounds you—because your mind has been liberated and you have learned higher truths, and you have come to greater realization of your own divinity. You know that you are co-equal with God, in being a part of him, and as you develop the spiritual within you will become more fit to enter the spiritual realm at transition.

QUES.—[By E. L., Xenia, O.] As most enjoyments of mortals, if indulged beyond a certain degree, prove more or less disastrous, is there danger lurking in too frequent visits to the seance room for spirit manifestations?

ANS.—I can not understand that too frequent indulgence in anything that will bring you to a higher state can be injurious, but I know of pleasures in which men and women both indulge that is injurious, that dulls the spirit, that blots the life, and stills our very intellect. But, friends, if you enter a seance room every day of your life, enter there with pure motives together with pure and cleanly people. If you are harmonious with each other, I can not conceive of anything that would be injurious to you, especially if you consider it a sacred place, and enter with a desire to learn more of that which is spiritual. I am sorry to say, however, that I often see arising from the minds of mortals thoughts that make me recoil. Then they wonder why they do not always receive the highest intelligence through the spirits that attend a seance room. When will man learn that there is something beyond the animal, something that is brighter and more beautiful than gold? When will man learn that selfishness, envy, and hatred can bring him naught but unrest? But when they learn that if they desire the higher truths they must be cleanly, having care what they put into their mouths, and learn lessons of purity, purity of thought and action, they can enter a seance room every day, and spend hours with their loved ones who have passed on. Then no man will say, "I received a falsehood," or "Those who came to me misrepresented themselves." Then no man will say, "That spirit told me to dig and I would find a treasure and I found it not."

Men must learn that they attract such spirits as they are themselves. Remember, one evil minded person will destroy the harmony of your whole seance-room. Enter with a sacred feeling. Friends, it lays with yourselves whether the seance-room shall be uplifted or degraded. It rests with you whether you will have the highest intelligences or whether you will have earth-bound spirits, who have never desired to grow better on the spirit side of life, for all around and about you are spirits who have been sent out of the spirit realm, possibly through the rope that has hung them where they have been condemned to death by twelve just men, ushered into eternity, and then return to seek vengeance; for, if they, in a moment of passion, committed a crime, they feel that the twelve men that sent them to the gallows are fully as sinful and even more so than they were, and such spirits do not become pure in one hour. One who was a liar and a cheat does not become pure in a moment. He will hang around the earth plane and try to influence some one to do all that he left to do. You can not realize this fact. You think when death comes he enters the spirit world pure and holy. We have as many diseased spirits on the spirit side of life as you have diseased bodies here; that is ignorant, undeveloped, never having seen anything which is spiritual; knowing nothing of the higher life, and having no desire to learn. But, for all that, you need never fear to enter a seance room; only be careful to choose your company and all will be well.

QUES.—[F. H. R., city.] What causes a spirit to represent the same form for two different persons; to one as Dr. Smith and the other doctor some one else?

ANS.—Spiritual manifestation, either through the trumpet materialization, or even through a trance medium sometimes will be represented by some other party; sometimes a name will be given you that does not belong to the one manifesting—not so much to deceive you, as to help your friends to manifest, and sometimes we find they do this because they want to be popular as spirits. Not long ago, I entered a seance room and was surprised to find that so very few spirits manifested, but the medium was called upon to personate each and every spirit that desired to communicate. Now, this was all right. The spirits could not build up a form and they were anxious to manifest to the loved ones who were there, and so they used the medium. They transfigured him, threw their likeness over his face, and time and again he came forth and spoke to those who were in that room. Now, that medium was honest, and did not desire to deceive, but he was in a trance condition and was forced by the spirit friends to do so. So, friends, possibly Dr. Jones might not have been able to build up a body for himself; he might not have been able to do as he desired, so he had Dr. Smith to represent him. The poor instruments who are so much abused are not as much in fault as those who come to them. For they come there anxious, demanding to receive something. The spirits who attend you are also anxious, and so they do the best they can, but sometimes I feel as a spirit that it would be better for the controls and mediums to refuse to be used in this way. Now, I do not say that there are no frauds, for there is hardly anything genuine that has not a counterfeit. There is not one of you would refuse a genuine ten-dollar bill because some man had counterfeited it. Whenever you go to the seance room or visit a medium try the spirits that come to you, and if you find anything there that is not right turn away, for if he is doing wrong it will crush him in time. But whenever you go to a medium, no matter for what phase, go honest and true, and when a spirit comes to you and tells you that he is Dr. Jones or Dr. Smith, and you doubt it, say so; and then if he does not do that which will satisfy you, you need not go to this instrument again. But I feel that all truthful seekers after knowledge receive that which is true and pure.

QUES.—[By C. S., Boston, Mass.] Can one spirit control or inspire two mediums at the same time?

ANS.—No. I am a spirit; I stand before you to-day and am controlling my instrument. It would be impossible for me to control another instrument at the same time. But I could stand here beside my instrument and throw my thought out at a distance, and that thought might be felt by some instrument at a distance, but it would not be my spirit. It would only be my thought that I had sent to them upon the thought wave. But, friends, I can leave my instrument and in a moment's time can be in a distant place and immediately take possession of some other instrument. Now, suppose, when I get through answering your questions and deliver my instrument into the hands of the control who controls the seance part, who helps your spirit friends to manifest to you, I should leave her in a moment's time as fast as thought could travel; I would be two or three thousand miles from her, and if there I could find a sensitive I could immediately control that sensitive and begin to talk through her again. So, perchance, this questioner has had some experience, and he has heard in one moment in one place a certain spirit give an address; in another moment that same spirit at another place was presented. The only way to explain it is when I withdraw from this instrument I can travel as fast as thought and be with another instrument at a distant place, and if I could succeed in controlling again, I can give my thoughts to that instrument, but not at this moment can I talk through another when I am talking through this one.

#### SPIRIT MESSAGES.

Mary Louisa Curry.

Chairman and friends: I am delighted to be enabled to speak with you this afternoon. I was not a stranger to this grand truth of spiritual communion, and I would testify to the joy I have received even whilst upon the earth plane, for I know had it not been for the angel friends who ministered to me in spirit I could never have borne the conditions that surrounded me just before I passed over to the spirit realm. I came this afternoon, not only to talk with you, but to send my love to those who are near and dear to me, my children. I want them to know that their mother is with them. I want them to know that every day I try in some way to manifest to them, and my spirit grows light and I rejoice because I see the light breaking in and upon every one of the spirits of my children who still linger upon the earth plane. I want them to know that their mother was here this afternoon. Say Mary Louisa Curry sends love to those who are near and dear to her through the tie of nature.

Captain Charles Miller.

Now, I see also the form of a gentleman, heavy-set, medium height. He says: "I too, desire to voice my love to you, my friend, and the many who know me in Cincinnati. I come with my sister this afternoon. I come and bring my love to all of those who belong to me in kinship, and also to those who knew me and were my friends. I, Captain Charles Miller, who passed out of this life some years ago, seeming to me but a short time, yet to many who love me the time seems long, yet I know that not for one moment have I forgotten or lost any of the kind thoughts that have been sent to me to the spirit side of life." These two spirits come together with three others. I hear the names distinctly of two, but the other one I do not hear so plainly. I hear the names of Frank and Henry and the other Clay, and they want these messages put together that their friends may know there is no dividing line. Clay says: "I send my love to all, especially my wife Ella, daughter Pauline, and son Nathan."

Rev. Jesse B. Ferguson.

Good afternoon. In submitting ourselves at this time and in coming on support with you to reach out from the sublime conditions into the physical environments, it brings to us a joy and a peace such as only those in another life are able to experience and to understand. As a controlling intelligence of the medium which I am using now, it is a source of gratification to us that we are able to manifest at this time, not alone for ourselves, but for the cause of truth and for the advancement of the same cause and for the enlightenment of humanity, as well as to brave conditions and prepare a way for others to reach out unto you for the blessings of the loved of earth. I am not here at this time as an intelligence simply for my own benefit, but to prepare a way and to benefit and help others. I have many times in the past sought for an interview with the loved of earth, but I have been unable to come in contact with them as I would like to do. When in earth life I was one who was ever interested in all that pertained to truth and the freedom of humanity. Not alone for the freedom of slavery in the years past and gone, but from the shackles of superstition, of bigotry, and all that has a tendency to bind humanity. I am glad of this opportunity, because I can reach out not only to benefit others, but to send a greeting to my friends in the South, who know that I am still interested in their cause, that which pertains to the enlightenment and the uplifting of all that interest humanity. You might say for me to my friends in Nashville, Tennessee, where I formerly resided when in the body, and the others throughout that State, that as a friend, as a brother, I would send a greeting of fraternity, and would ever reach out to bless and uplift them to the higher plane of knowledge and of spiritual development. You may say for me that I am reaching out as a student of nature to bring added blessings and place them in the pathway of mortals that they may find in the day and the age that they are living in that they are now making the conditions to enjoy the beauties of the by-and-by. I shall be remembered as Rev. Jesse B. Ferguson.

Philip R. Cook.

I am now traveling a long way. I go to the Northeast, it seems to me, and the gentleman says: "I want to talk of the home; there are five in that home who are near and dear to me. I want them to know that I am often in the midst of them. I want them to know that Philip can never forget the home or the loved ones." The home is at Edgewood, Conn., and he desires to send love to those who are near and dear to him in that town.

Col. Robinson.

I am here with my son Ed. I desire to send love to Flora, my daughter, and Mary, my wife, of Carthage, Ohio.

Jacob Williams.

He died at 320 Main Street, Cincinnati. His father is in some kind of manufacturing business in Blanchester, Ohio. There is some trouble between the father and mother, and he would like to have him come and take care of his mother at 111 Barr Street, as she needs his attention.

Father Henley.

How strange it seems, my dear friends, that I am permitted to voice a word or two in a meeting of this kind. Oh, how happy I feel as I enter here, and as I was accustomed to speaking to those assembled before me, I do not feel altogether out of my place only that I am speaking through the lips of a medium. There has been opened unto me a great avenue since I passed out of the narrow visions of my Church. I have learned many, many true lessons, and I know why Jesus said, "I and the father are one," for I realize that each one is a part of the divine whole, and now I would have you to say Father Henley of the Catholic Church accompanies this woman home and expressed himself here this afternoon. God bless and speed you on your way and may the angels of good ever hover around you and gather with you here, and may each one of those who are taught as I was taught listen to the voice which speaks, and may they break the chain that hold them and ascend higher and live a nobler and a truer life.

Nick Woesterman.

There is a man before me, a very peculiar looking person, and he talks to me very broken. I shall give what he says in my own way. He says: "I am glad to be here this afternoon, friends. There was a great difference when I lived upon the earth plane. No man would dare to say that he believed what he believed, that is, where I lived. Why, they would have put him into a well or some other place to get rid of him, but still this is true; I do live and do come again and if Nick Woesterman can come back again after he went to the bottom of the sea and talk with you, why, almost anybody might be able to do the same as he. I have got a sister not very far away and she will know what Nick Woesterman means. Her name is Philomena Woesterman, and she lives in Zanesville, Ohio.

#### VERIFICATIONS.

[To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

Among the spirit messages of April 1st, I see one from my dear son Edmond M. Gray, who passed out of this life August 23, 1892. Oh, how much comfort and joy it gave my longing heart to read his message. I hope he may be able to come through your free circle often. I pronounce every word very much like him; and now I wish to return thanks to the medium through whom I received the message. With thanks to the friends in your public circle, I am fraternally,

MRS. M. M. KENT.

Steamburg, Cattaraugus County, N. Y.

[To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

I am highly pleased with the spirit message in your interesting paper of March 25th, from my dear friend and control, Dr. Freeze, and the other kind friends and relatives whom he brought with him. My pard and I send thanks and best wishes to the medium through whom the loving message came. The protege of H. H. sends thanks also to her and the two strings for their kind remembrance of her. Yours respectfully,

MRS. SALLIE ROYCE.

Columbus, Ohio.

[To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

The first spirit message in your issue of March 25th, bears the name of my old friend, Alexander Cuscaden, of Louisville, Ky. Brother Cuscaden and I were employed—he as foreman and I as book-keeper—by Mr. Henry Albrow, who owned and operated a large bedstead manufactory and veneering mills, which, if I recollect right, was located near the corner of Pearl and Race Streets, in Cincinnati, about the year 1860. I understand the factory is being operated at the present time by a son of Mr. Albrow, and my statement can be verified without difficulty. I had lost Brother Cuscaden's address for many years until some three years ago, when *The Better Way* published an article from his pen, giving his address at Louisville, Ky., where I afterward corresponded with him. It affords me much pleasure to know that my old friend adds his mite of evidence to the continuity of life. Fraternally ours,

DANIEL COONS.

493 Nostrand Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## The Progressive Lyceum.

[All communications to this department should be addressed care of Lyceum.]

### Opening Song.

HOW HEARING THE THOUGHT.  
How cheering the thought, that the angels of God  
Do bow their bright wings to the world they once trod.  
Do leave the sweet joys of the mansions above,  
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love!

CHORUS.  
Happy greeting to all.  
They come, on the wings of the morning, they come,  
Impatient to guide some poor wanderer home,  
Some brother to lead from a darkened abode,  
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.—CHO.  
They come when we wander, they come when we pray,  
In mercy to guard us wherever we stray.  
A glorious cloud, their bright witness is given;  
Encircling us here are these angels of heaven.—CHO.

### Musical Reading.

[This is a pleasing exercise. The conductor reads to the star, and then the lyceum, led by musical director, sings the first stanza, and thus alternately.]

IN KNOWLEDGE THERE IS SAFETY.  
Who would tarry on the lowlands of ignorance? Are not  
the highlands of knowledge more broad bright, and beautiful?  
Let us go up where the breezes are fresh from sunlit  
mountain-peaks, and light floods the landscapes.  
There are no treacherous pitfalls, but we may see and  
know that our feet are sure.

Wisdom smiles under her coronet of stars, and beckons  
our standard-bearers.  
Lead us onward, O evangels of truth!  
There is no danger so appalling as that of ignorance.  
Groping in its darkness we stumble upon all conceivable  
sorrows and follies.

The violation of the laws of physical existence fills count-  
less graves with forms which the spirit should have worn  
much longer, for its highest good. In ignorance we unwit-  
tingly scar and stain our souls with sins which pain and  
weaken us here and in heaven.

Lead us onward, O divine wisdom!  
Ignorance involves nations in war, and lays low their  
champions of honor, amidst the wailing of broken homes  
and hearts.

Who can count the multitudes which have perished by her  
dusky hand?  
Lead us onward, O divine wisdom!

THE SONG OF LEARNING.  
[We shall meet our friends in the morning.] Page 45 in  
Guide.

Blend your voices, full and strong,  
In a grand redemption song.  
And we'll sing the praise of noble, clear-browed learning,  
How the night will fade away,  
In a bright and peaceful day  
When we all can sing the pleasant song of learning.

CHORUS.  
Oh, rally at her call!  
She has laurels for us all.  
Which time can not blight with decay.  
We can wear them through the gate,  
Where the tearful angels wait,  
And point to the land far away.  
Then join in the song of learning,  
Then join in the song of learning,  
And march to the gates of day.  
Oh! the world has suffered long  
'Neath the crushing heel of wrong.  
While ignorance blocked up the road to learning:  
But her dusky form must fall;  
For we rally, one and all,  
Where the stars shine round the brow of noble learning.—CHO.  
In the majesty of worth,  
Angel forms will walk the earth,  
When we all can sing the pleasant song of learning.  
Whoso'er a truth is said,  
Woe it brings to your head;  
For the Savior of the world is noble learning.—CHO.  
—EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

### Habits and Their Laws.

What is the difference between habit and a natural de-  
mand?

The latter is for something inherently necessary for the  
support of the organism, while the former is for something  
which has for itself created the desire.

The desire for water is not a habit, but a necessity of be-  
ing, while the desire of alcoholic drinks is a habit, because  
such beverages have caused the peculiar changes in the sys-  
tem which call for them instead of water.

What are the effects of these stimulants?  
They exhilarate for a time, to be followed by a corres-  
ponding depression, from which the nerves can not be ral-  
lied except by a new indulgence. They induce a radical  
change in the system, which is felt in the intellectual and  
moral perceptions.

What is better than stimulants?  
Rest, nature's chief restorative, and helpful nourishment.  
Can the will alone conquer the habit of intemperance?

No, for because there is an organic change corresponding  
which places the body in relation to the habit in a similar  
position as that it naturally holds to an appetite. The  
drinking of alcoholic beverages, once established, every por-  
tion of the body becomes adjusted to the presence of alcohol,  
and demands the stimulant just as it naturally demands  
water, and in the same manner goes on increasing in urgency.  
The withdrawal of each particle of alcohol increases the  
fervency of desire until the will is overborne.

Intemperance is then a disease?  
Yes, and should be treated as such.

The treatment?  
Pure, healthful, nourishing food, with tonics at first to take  
the place of alcohol until natural action is established. Then  
appeals to the will will be of avail.

Is it correct to say the drunkard knows better and can  
reform?

No. He craves alcohol more insatiately than others do  
water, and this purely organic condition he may have ignor-  
antly induced by indulgence, or inherited.

### Closing Song.

WE'RE GOING HOME TO-MORROW.  
Courage, faint-heart! why all these fears,  
And questions for to-morrow?  
Wipe, wipe away these bitter tears,  
Mute signs of useless sorrow.

CHORUS.  
We're going home,  
We're going home to-morrow.  
We're going home,  
We're going home to-morrow.

God's planets shine behind the mist:  
So beam thy faith unclouded—  
Like mountain-tops by daylight kissed,  
Though all her base be shrouded.—CHO

One hand holds up the stars that roll,  
And girdles on the ocean;  
His love is shed on every soul,  
To which he gives emotion.—CHO.

O, not one slightest woe befalls,  
But he gives strength to bear it,  
Can he be deaf to sorrow's calls,  
When his own children share it?—CHO



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Remit by Postoffice Money Order, Registered Letter, or Draft on Cincinnati or New York. It costs ten or fifteen cents to get drafts cashed on local banks, so do not send them. Postage stamps will not be received in payment of subscriptions. Direct all letters to C. C. Stowell, 206 Race Street, Room 7, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CINCINNATI, - - - SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1893

THE LIGHT OF TRUTH cannot well undertake to vouch for the honesty of its many advertisers. Advertisements which appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns they are at once interdicted.

We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover in our columns advertisements of parties whom they have proved to be dishonest or unworthy of action.

When the postoffice address of THE LIGHT OF TRUTH subscribers is changed, our patrons should give us two weeks' previous notice, and not omit to state their present as well as future address.

Notice of Spiritualists Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Tuesday of each week, as THE LIGHT OF TRUTH goes to press every Wednesday.

Rejected ads will not be returned without postage accompanying use same—not preserved—and thirty days after receipt.

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"He's true to God who's true to man, wherever wrong is done,  
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-ubiquitous sun,  
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base  
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race."  
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## THE OHIO LAW AGAINST CLAIRVOYANTS AND SEERS.

The LIGHT OF TRUTH as a consistent exponent of Spiritualism is the friend and defender of mediums and mediumship. So openly and avowedly has been its course that it would seem impossible for anyone without confessing ignorance or willfulness by so doing to impute to it any other motive to it than that of the most unqualified interest in their behalf. A bill introduced into the Ohio Legislature by Hon. Bruck, of Columbus, for the avowed purpose of controlling a class of harpies who prey on the ignorant, which included, unfortunately, the terms "seer" and "clairvoyant" with those of "fortune-teller," etc., has caused a great deal of speculation as to its intent and purpose. Mr. Bruck, on being interviewed by a member of our editorial staff, said that he had not the least intention of injuring Spiritualism. Some member had proposed as an amendment that the term medium be added, and he defeated such amendment. He had in view the class of persons who advertise under the head of "personals," the "seventh daughter of the seventh daughter," "born with a veil," and professing to read "the past and future," "show congenial matrimonial companions," "calculate nativities by the stars," and so on *ad nauseam*. "This is a sample of what I mean," he continued, taking a Dayton paper from his desk, "and I think you will agree with me that Spiritualists can not, as a class, desire such imposters to be upheld."

The following is an extract from this unique specimen of advertising literature, the name only being omitted for obvious reasons:

"Clairvoyant.—Beware of all fraudulent clairvoyants. Prof. Blank can be consulted on all the affairs of life, no matter what the nature may be. He will tell you your living and departed friends, all diseases, no matter what nature or of how long standing they may be, will be fully diagnosed without asking any questions, such as no physician can cure. The separated brought together, and stolen treasures and property recovered. Those who are mediumistic will be tested and fully developed."

Then follows a biographical sketch. "He was born on the banks of the Nile," "went into a trance seven weeks after birth," "at the age of four this wonderful child of the Nile began to show such marvelous signs of power of a healing medium." At the "age of thirteen he was known as the living Messiah." "From year to year his mediumistic power increased, and up to date he is pronounced and recognized by all to be the greatest living medium on the globe."

The name of this "greatest living medium on the globe" has never appeared in a spiritual journal, and he is unknown absolutely to Spiritualists. If there could be a law by which this class of vampires, who fill the daily papers with their advertisements, could be suppressed it would be a great gain to the true medium and the cause of Spiritualism. "It is unfortunate that the terms seer and clairvoyant were included," remarked the representative of the LIGHT OF TRUTH. "As these pretenders advertise under these titles it could not well be avoided," replied Mr. Bruck. "I am sure no one will take advantage of that, or can take advantage of a genuine medium. I am not a Spiritualist nor a member of the Church, and I believe in justice to all."

Mr. Bruck, there can be no doubt, intended the bill for the purpose, as he explains. At most the one city of Columbus is the only one to which it applies, and now it turns out that the bill came back from the Senate amended by having the words "seer" and "clairvoyant" stricken out. Thus the "tempest in a tea-pot" which has been raised, peacefully subsides. Spiritualists may rest assured when there is real danger the LIGHT OF TRUTH will not be found backward in sounding the alarm. There are real issues to be contended for, quite enough to occupy all our time and space without creating men of straw and then filling our columns with boasting how valiant we are in attacking them. Don Quixote gained immortal fame by attacking wind-mills and fighting shadows of his imagination, but he waited for someone else to sound his praise. Our modern knights of the quill, fearful of the judgment of posterity, write their own laudations.

## INGERSOLL AND SPIRITUALISM.

The redoubtable Col. Ingersoll has been amongst the Philistines again. The St. Louis Globe Democrat sent a reporter recently to interview him on Spiritualism. The reporter mentioned Mr. Newton's iron cage test, and remarked that he had examined the cages and found them solid and secure, and then repeated Mr. Newton's statement that the body of the medium, besides other objects of a material and solid nature, had been passed through them. Asked for his opinion, Col. Ingersoll replied:

"It's a trick—nothing but a trick. I don't care if fifty men examined the cages and pronounced them all right. It's only a trick. Why, God Almighty himself couldn't do what these people pretend that they do."

Of course, the great Agnostic was a little excited, otherwise he would not have brought the Almighty into the controversy, because we understand he has a few scruples of conscience on the God question, but it is surprising that Col. Ingersoll should forget that what he prides himself on not knowing may be a matter of positive knowledge to minds as perspicacious as his own. He says, "I don't believe that anything such as you describe has ever happened. I do not believe that a medium ever passed into and out of the triple-locked iron cage. Neither do I believe that any spirits were able to throw shoes and wraps out of the cage. Neither do I believe that any apparitions ever rose from the floor or that anything you relate has ever happened." These are matters of belief or non belief. They are non-argumentative, prove nothing and disprove nothing. Nobody cares a fig what Col. Ingersoll believes. Others, and many of them amongst the brightest intellects of the world, know that the phenomena which the colonel says he does not believe are true; but there is a tinge of the old puritanical intolerance, out of which Ingersoll, above all men, is supposed to have become thoroughly extricated in his statement that he knows these things are tricks "and that's what spiritualistic phenomena amount to, too." Aside from a consideration of the false light which such statements throw on the character of Col. Ingersoll, it is deplorable to note how perfectly in harmony he is with Talmage in estimating Spiritualism. This is the worst feature of the whole controversy. The acme of irony is reached when a mind such as Ingersoll's gets down low enough to agree with Talmage in estimating the truth or falsity of anything. Asked if he were to witness phenomena inexplicable by natural laws he would favor the spiritualistic interpretation, he replied:

"I would not. If I should witness phenomena that I could not explain I would leave the phenomena unexplained. I would not explain them because I did not understand them, and say they were or are produced by spirits. That is no explanation, and, after admitting that we do not know and that we can not explain, why should we proceed to explain? I have seen Mr. Herrmann do things for which I can not account. Why should I say that he has the assistance of spirits? All I have a right to say is that I know nothing about how he does it. So I am compelled to say with regard to many spiritualistic feats, that I am ignorant of the ways and means. At the same time, I do not believe that there is anything supernatural in the universe."

This a better stand, but indicates a want of knowledge of the spiritual hypothesis of law. No Spiritualist believes "that there is anything supernatural in the universe." If genius and invention had taken the ground that phenomena inexplicable should be left unexplained, the world would be in mental darkness. Col. Ingersoll stultifies himself and his own work in raising humanity into the light of liberty and common sense when he makes such statements. It is because these phenomena have opened up such a boundless field of exploration that the word supernatural is rapidly becoming expunged from our language. It is the superstitious who refer unexplained phenomena to the supernatural. As fast as they become explained they become natural, and it is due to the thinkers and investigators of the world that they are being explained. It is puerile to cite Mr. Herrmann's tricks as being analogous to or explanatory of the phenomena of Spiritualism. There are thousands of private mediums as unlettered in the art of Herrmann as Ingersoll is who are producing as inexplicable marvels as any performed by Mr. Herrmann. With him it may be trickery. With them it must be something else. These phenomena purport to be the work of spirits. It would be to the credit of Col. Ingersoll if he were to set about some plan to prove this purport and substantiate the affirmations of these spirits rather than to place himself on record as a denier of their occurrence or to declare that all he has a right to say is that he knows nothing about how they are produced. This is not the attitude of an investigator. W. T. Stead occupied the same ground. He has been pushed off from it and through his own mediumship, too, and to-day one of the greatest journalists that ever wielded a pen frankly owns himself to be in the presence of a power transcending all his previous ideas. Like Hamlet he is beginning to see that there are some few things in the universe not dreamed of in his philosophy. He was asked if he knew of his own knowledge that the communications relating to spirits in a recent number of the Review of Reviews were written without any knowledge on the part of the person whose hand wrote them. "I do," answered Mr. Stead, "for the best of all reasons, because it was my hand that wrote them, and I am willing to assure you in the most solemn and serious manner that I had no idea in the world what my hand was going to write when it began to write." It would be well for Col. Ingersoll to take a walk with Hamlet. There is a bare chance that he may learn what has made Spiritualists of such men as Wallace, Crookes, and Stead, to say nothing of the millions of intelligent people throughout the civilized world who have come into a realization of the laws governing immortality through and by phenomena alone, and phenomena, too, rejected and repudiated by Col. Ingersoll. The day has gone by for Spiritualism to be whiffed out of consideration by the sneers of the godly or the pooh-poohs of the proud possessors of little expectations.

## More Medical Monopoly.

For two years the doctors of Ohio have been trying to enact a law which will give them a monopoly of the death-dealing business and at the same time make the business of undertakers profitable and secure. They have at last got a bill through the House which regulates the practice of medicine and surgery. It gives the governor power to appoint a State Board of Medical Examiners, who, of course, will be of the regulation pattern. Certificates are to be issued to physicians who furnish satisfactory proof of having received diplomas from legally chartered medical institutions. This bill is known as the "Sterrett Bill," and it now pending in the Senate.

Now is the time for all friends of fair play in the treatment of disease to get into communication with the various members of the Senate Chamber in the Ohio Assembly and urge upon them the necessity for stopping this insufferable impudence on the part of medical "infants" who want the people of Ohio to protect them in their experiments on the human family. Once allow such a law to become operative and legislation to repeal it will be very difficult to obtain. Of course, this bill, if it becomes a law, will fail in its provisions. It shoots too wide, but it will be an entering wedge for more oppressive legislation in the future.

## BENEVOLENT GIFTS.

This year has been marked by many large bequests to churches, colleges, and other public institutions.

From various quarters we learn that there is a growing desire among wealthy Spiritualists to assist in the growth of the cause in which they are deeply interested, but owing to the prejudice of the age it is almost impossible to make such a bequest as the courts will permit to stand.

As an illustration: The courts in Ohio have recently held that a bequest to the cause of the Swedenborgian religion was on its face grounds for presuming that the testator was non compos mentis, that the purpose for which the bequest was declared, to wit the religion of the new Church, was too vague and uncertain and not an established religion in the sense of the constitutional provision permitting bequests for religious and educational purposes.

Fear is expressed by many that Spiritualists will never make as much progress as the followers of Emanuel Swedenborg in defining their belief. And yet to succeed and become a great revolutionizing force for good it needs what all modern religions have: a generous support with money. Its literature thus far has been limited and expensive. It is our purpose as manifested by the LIGHT OF TRUTH to assist in securing for it the best and cheapest literature.

Thousands of our tracts ranking high as literary gems are now being circulated. They should be increased to millions. Our new book, "Guide to Physical, Intellectual, and Spiritual Culture," designed for the home and lyceum, cloth bound, containing over two hundred pages, compiled by Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle will soon be ready and furnished to the purchasers at cost.

There are, no doubt, many who would be as devoted and as generous if a way could be pointed out which would be held as a binding bequest. At request we have had the subject thoroughly examined by eminent counsel in this State, and herewith print a form which we are assured will stand and afford the giver an opportunity to help in some degree the great work.

Form: "I give and bequeath to the owner or owners of a newspaper now published in the city of Cincinnati, the State of Ohio, known as the LIGHT OF TRUTH (Here insert full description of property to be given).

"Which bequest is to be used in the publication of said newspaper and books that may be printed from time to time in the printing establishment of said LIGHT OF TRUTH."

In drafting such a bequest the testator should be careful to see that the signing or witnessing of will is done in accordance with the laws of the State in which he or she resides.

## BELIEVED IN DEPARTED SPIRITS.

There is a tendency in many instances, and it may be regarded as almost universal, to regard the communications received from spiritual sources as infallible. There is a strong inclination to place "thus saith the spirit" for "thus saith the Lord," and thus shift the point of the reliance of our faith. Those who have been reared in the Church, and come out of it, feel the want of a staff on which to lean. They have been accustomed to have their doubts settled by authority, and have a sense of loss when thrown on their own unaided resources. In hours of weariness they sigh for the old days of peaceful assurance. The flesh-pots of Egypt are tempting to the toil-worn traveler in fields far away. Those who have been reared without having received anything as authority, have the inherited feeling that such court of final appeal somewhere exists, and faith would find it and rest from the constant struggle by which free thought is sustained.

It often requires a sad experience to teach those who give implicit confidence to the communications they receive that they must give their own reason preference. We have known many instances where for a long time messages were received in every way worthy and truthful until the spirit friends were consulted on all the occasions of life. Then, suddenly, there would come a falsehood, or series of falsehoods, reiterated and strenuously adhered to with a persistency that shook the faith of the receivers in that which had been before as absolute truth. It was said a lying spirit came in and took control. This might be, but we would prefer to think the purpose was to teach a lesson, and that of self-reliance.

Who are departed spirits? Are they not men and women, like those around us, and as limited and fallible in judgment? Dear and beloved they may be to us, but were they able to give as exactly their thoughts with the same freedom as they did while in their physical bodies, they would be subject to like limitations. Let us become free from the old, lingering superstition, remnant of religious and ecclesiastical training, that spirits are perfect and infallible. They are relatives and friends, with mental horizons enlarged, but not infinitely. We love them, we reverence them, but it is not well for us to rely on them, and to set judgment aside leads to ruin.

"Oh," exclaims the weary one, who having cast authority aside, finds self-reliance a task, "it is a hard lot! Better the old days when Christ shared my cross, and I reposed in the bosom of the Church, trusting all my doubts to the final decision of the Bible." True, free thought gives not an idle life. If you enjoy repose, floating with the tide, without effort of thinking, keep with the Church nor venture beyond its pales.

He who gains the breezy highlands of free thought must stand alone. No one can do his thinking for him; no one can share the burdens of his errors; he can make no appeal through the atoning blood of another. He in the outset confesses that his knowledge is exceedingly limited. The physical and spiritual domains shut down with impervious veil close around him. Every step he advances must be conquered from the unknown. The Damascus sword of reason is his only weapon to pierce the veil which conceals the problems of the world. He is the true bearer of the cross.

## THE "DAMNATION CLAUSE."

The Presbytery of Philadelphia at a recent meeting adopted the report of the revision committee relative to the "damnation clause," in the confession of faith. By this report "infants dying in infancy and all other persons not guilty of actual transgression are included in the election of grace, and are regenerated and saved by grace, and are regenerated and saved by Christ through the spirit; so also are all other elect persons who are not outwardly called by the word." It is presumable that the theologians understand this jargon, but to the ordinary mind it is obscure, and may cover a wide or narrow field. As the "elect" are to be saved without reservation, the distinctions between "persons not guilty of transgression," "regenerated and saved by Christ," and "all other elect persons who are not outwardly called," are difficult to understand. It is sneeringly said that spirit messages are obscure, meaningless, and weak, but it would be difficult to find anything in spiritual literature comparable with the obscurity of this "report."

They are ashamed of their belief; the pressure of the spirit of the age demands its condemnation, and while they wish to break the force of their sentence to the Church, they desire to be understood by the world as utterly repudiating this monstrous belief of the past. For this progressive step, the first in the many which must soon be taken, let us be thankful.

## A Suggestion from G. B. Crane of Exceeding Value.

In the LIGHT OF TRUTH of April 1st there is an article by a pioneer Spiritualist, in which there is suggested something of far more than passing value. It is that the messages received at our Free Circle be verified as far as possible and the verifications sustained by legal vouchers. We have had this scheme in mind from the inception of the Free Circle, the want of funds necessary only having deterred us from carrying out the same. The expense of the Free Circle is very heavy, much greater than we presume our readers to infer it to be, and having assumed this, we have rested content in having established a spiritual center where strangers in the city may come, and from which messages may be sent forth, trusting to the interest of those who recognize them to respond.

As our correspondent truthfully says, even this recognition is not legal evidence, and is subject to objection from skeptics. In fact very few of those who do recognize the messages trouble themselves to write in acknowledgment. Only by direct application, personally or by letter, can the facts be drawn out, and if sworn statements are to be made the cost of each must be supplied. The value of the mass of evidence which might be accumulated in a single year would be overwhelming, and would exceed in scientific value all that the psychic research societies have done. Our correspondent proposes a practical plan by which this result can be attained, and one which we sincerely hope will be acted on. His earnestness is admirable, and with the assistance of a few like him the project is assured.

## The Utah Temple.

After forty years of patient toil and trials, such as only religious enthusiasts can sustain, the great Mormon Temple at Salt Lake City has been completed, and the present week witnesses its dedication. The services are to be continued thirteen days and its vast auditorium will be crowded all the time. The "saints" are coming from every point of the compass; from Canada, Mexico, Europe, and the isles of the Pacific, and to these is to be added 60,000 visitors to see the imposing ceremonies. Mormonism has met with obstacles and persecutions quite equal to those of early Christianity, and if the extension of the latter proves its truthfulness, equally so such extension prove the truthfulness of the latter Day Saints. They may point with pride to the completion of their temple as a justification of the prophecies and evidence of the watchful care of the divine being. He has led them through the wilderness to the promised land.

IN LIMA, Peru, a Masonic entertainment was attacked by a mob, the lodge-room sacked, and the building burned. It is said the riot was caused by the action of the Masons in ignoring an edict against their ceremonies, which was issued by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Arequipa. The chief of police, who made no effort to protect the Masons, has been dismissed by the government, and will be tried for derelict of duty and sympathizing with the mob. Even in dark Peru free speech is upheld by the government, which is more than is done in some of our American Catholic-bound cities.

"MR. DONATI'S SHARRRETTI and the Rev. Hector Papi started to-day. They will sail from Liverpool on the Cunard Line on March 25th."

The above is a dispatch from Rome announcing the departure of two Italians to the "Holy See" at Washington, U. S. A. The former has been appointed auditor and the latter secretary to the "Apostolic Delegation" in this country.

The exportation of Italian clerks to look after the affairs of the Catholic Church in America would appear to a person up a tree as though the "Holy Father" had a poor opinion of American Catholics.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

## DO CREEDS DIFFER?

I. N. RICHARDSON.

Only in the essentials of methods. I have of late been reviewing the many features of various creeds; and in following them out through the vast labyrinth of conventionalities, I find that the intrinsic worth of each bespeaks a good for our final destiny. Mind being omnipotent, and man omnipresent, how else can it be? While omnipresent man may juggle with word meanings, yet what creative power has he gained? Man is not a creator in the absolute sense; if he were, his powers would soon manifest themselves. While he may be the arbiter of his own conscience, that does not signify that he created conscience. Just so with creeds and dogmas. Man may establish and formulate rules and methods for governing belief, yet they are constantly crumbling away, leaving structural mind full possessor of the universe. While the Roman Catholic may invest his belief in the pope's infallibility, and finally in the supermundane Christ and trinity, yet it follows that his teachings are for the upbuilding and moral reformation of mankind.

The Protestant Jew denied the Christ, but his heart's sympathies are ever loyal to state and nation. His is an exemplary life, the true type of obedience to law and order, the ideal command of the most high.

The garrulous Mohammedan, in his oppressive zeal to establish his faith by the sword in behalf of Allah, felt the divine fire burning within his bosom of blind reason. Being maddened into a passion, he sought to conquer by might rather than by the mind of right. Yet the divine mind within moved him to establish a higher light than man's own accustomed sphere. His methods of obtaining such were not congenial to all aspiring souls.

The materialist, in his house of clay, thinks of his brother man in the all-absorbing now. His is a divine light shedding its rays upon this sphere of life, breathing an aroma of the Omnipotent, which bears for its legend: "Do unto others as ye would that they do unto you." Such rules, if strictly practiced, would soon establish the kingdom of heaven amongst mankind. All for a higher and nobler life.

The Spiritualist, in his ever varying belief as regards immortality in the higher spheres, does little else than to erudite creeds and rules of other beliefs. His is a noble life, full of promise, and works for the spiritual, yet he is ever wonderful of his gifts. To remove the barriers from blind worshiping form, and point directly to man's own ability to conform to law, is the mission of a true and well regulated Spiritualist. However, he realizes methods in natural law, as well as religious, but usually combines the two in one; i. e., to be natural is to be religious, and so on *ad infinitum*.

All creeds and beliefs are formulated for the upbuilding and betterment of mankind, and I sincerely hope that the day may never come when one belief, one rule and universal method shall prevail. For the mind of individuality speaks from out the clouds of mystery and infinity, and behold we move as one great masterpiece of mechanism; and onward, upward, to that divine command, to the solemn tread of ceaseless time, to the goal of a better day, in one solid phalanx, the whole creation moves.

Delphos, Kan.

Cudahy, the Roman packer at South Omaha, whose Protestant help were discharged because they marched in the funeral procession of C. P. Miller, president of South Omaha council No. 2, A. P. A., has been awarded a contract to furnish the government with several million dollars worth of pork. Were there no Protestants in the United States who had pork for sale?—Omaha American.



Address DR. JUDD, Detroit, Mich.



# THE WOMEN'S CLUB.

Conducted by EMMA R. TUTTLE.

## SHE WHO IS TO COME.

- A woman—in so far as she beholds
- Her one beloved a face
- A mother—with a great heart that enfolds
- The children of the race
- A body, free and strong, with that high beauty
- That comes of perfect use, is built thereof,
- And mind where Reason ruleth over Duty,
- And Justice reigns with Love.
- A self-poised, royal soul, brave, wise, and tender,
- No longer blind and dumb
- A human being of yet unknown splendor,
- Is she who is to come!

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

We cordially invite contributions suitable for this department, and assure you they will receive prompt attention. Do not wait till your pen has something to say; whatever is of daily interest and moment to you, will be to the members of our Club. Consider yourself one, expected to do your part in entertaining the others. Please write on one side of the paper, and address all matter for publication to Emma R. Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

## CRINOLINE.

Crinoline is coming with the cholera, and the scare it creates is almost equal to the plague.

What is to be done? Legislate against it? That will be no use. Women can't be repressed in style that way. You may legislate all her rights away, except this one of following the fashion, and she will still be happy. Her best friends have been cultivating her along lines of usefulness and getting her used to clothing in which she can take an active part in the business life she aspires to, but if crinoline comes I shall be discouraged. Think of woman as an engineer wearing crinoline! When she got into the cab where would the fireman find room? Or as captain of a steamer on the bridge in a gale?

I have looked upon women's dress, slowly evolving to the useful and really beautiful, as an index of her preparation for taking positions rightfully hers, but if she dons hoop-skirts I shall lose confidence in her good sense. I haven't heard of a big flock of hoop-skirts crossing the Atlantic to subjugate us, yet one would infer by the furore that women are to be caught and invested with hoop-skirts being made to walk the streets looking like side-show circus tents more than anything else on earth.

If the threatened invasion comes let us resist "until the last hoop-skirt expires," in the language of the immortal Greek on a like momentous occasion.

## Women Desire the Co-operation of Men.

It is said by some writers that the tendency of the present is away from the association of the sexes in social life and pleasures. If this is true I believe the fault lies with men and not women. She isolates herself from her masculine friends only when they desire to be rid of her, and then it is with a heavy heart and wishing it might be otherwise. She knows her inspiration comes largely from association with her ideals of the opposite sex, as theirs should from the approbation and sympathy of high-minded, intellectual, spiritually cultured women, who are likewise "tender and true" in all positions in which they find themselves placed.

But men are fond of societies and clubs which exclude women. They began pushing us away before women's clubs were dreamed of, and to woman's credit be it said, that when thus bidden away she has turned to organizing charitable societies of some kind, or to benevolent deeds done in private, instead of running wild toward dissipation and genteel vice as have the other sex. After being left lonely night after night with her little ones, while her husband went, care-free, to his lodges and clubs, coming home in the wee sma' hours, to find her tossing on an uneasy pillow, longing for him, and wishing she might be his companion in his social joys as well as his social burdens, she may, and often does, join some women's charity for the benefit of poor children or wrecked sailors, or fallen women who are, too often, helped to their degraded position by men who voluntarily isolate themselves from their homes when in pursuit of social pleasure. We may be proud that she puts her discontent to such angelic use.

I wish all clubs and meetings might be for men and women together. I think their tendency would be toward greater breadth of thought, wider humanities, and more complete enjoyment. All movements, social, economical, or political demand the co-operation of both sexes. Without it we can not have the most healthy stimulation, enjoyment, or growth of either sex. The men led off in this effort at divergence, but we may be able to lead them into more consistent and wholesome ways.

Fremasonry is a hoary and respectable organization. Must it always wear the shadows it donned in old Egypt, and never step to the music of progress? If there is anything so vastly beneficial in it, why must the daughters of Rebecca be only a little side-show, unworthy to be made members of the main lodge? If it is unfit for women now why not reconstruct it? It would not be the first time it has been tinkered. Why must the *Knights of Pythias* only allow their wives, sisters, and mothers to have a little side society called the *Pythian Sisters*? Why not let us have all the grand first privileges you do, gentlemen?

Or, if these societies are not up to the requirements of the present, let us have societies which are, and not waste precious time on effete things which do not give the best results. There are no wrongs which need righting that do not require the efforts of both men and women united. Especially is this true in reforming laws. Men have the power of making and repealing laws, and in this reform we can effect nothing without their aid. We have had our fill of card-calling, teas, coffees, sewing circles, and the like, and are ready for more serious and beneficial business. There is no interest which concerns men that does not concern women as the mothers of men, if in no other way. Let men and women work together for advancement.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

## "CONSISTENCY A JEWEL."

MARY WEBB BAKER.

In the closing of the World's Fair on Sunday, Church bigotry has shown one more instance of religious intolerance and inconsistency. It seems to me there is something glaringly inconsistent in the closing of the doors of the Fair on Sunday and the opening of the doors of eighty-five beer saloons inside the gates on every other day of the week, Sunday included, for those who remain on the grounds on that day.

Which would be productive of most harm, think you, oh, zealous Christians, you who so aggressively insisted on the Sunday closing—the opening of the doors on Sunday, that the poor might enjoy a holiday, or the opening of these beer saloons where all can be served to that which only degrades and debases, and in many cases serves to fan the flame and keep alive the fire of intoxication in those who have become slaves to this destroying power?

Had there been as much pains taken to make the Sunday opening a day of blessing and benefit to the people as there has been to secure the opening of these saloons, there might have been some manifest good as the result, and something less of a stain and a reproach on those who have power to control the management of this gigantic scheme.

In every progressive movement, great or small, can always

be seen the hand of religious intolerance and bigotry, thwarting and hindering in every way possible through this blind zeal which holds the observance of a strict orthodox Sunday law of far more importance than the saving of thousands of poor souls from the loss of manhood through the invidious breath of the saloon.

Oh, verily, consistency thou art a jewel.

## WOMEN'S CLUB CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Friend of Progress: It is only a few weeks since I became acquainted with LIGHT OF TRUTH, which came into my house through the kindness of a friend.

The "Bible Call" reached me ere it was published, and my number was placed in the hands of, not a believer, but a searcher for the light from whatever source.

Rev. M. J. Savage's words should be read by every intelligent man and woman the world over. There is a class of people who will not read an article written by a Spiritualist, however true. I carried a few numbers to a Congregational minister a few weeks since, and said to him: "I bring these papers, they contain some fine articles which you will oblige me by reading. You told me it would not hurt me to come to hear you preach: that you could preach better with me in the audience. Now, I will tell you it won't hurt you to read these papers. I do not ask you to believe them." He did not reply, but his good wife said: "I shall read them." Mark the difference, that woman's intellect is in advance of her husband's, who has stood every Sabbath for thirty years preaching and praying to the "unknown God" whom he ignorantly worships, refusing to open his eyes and see the light. Yours for the cause, MRS. S. A. JESSMER DOWNS, Charlestown, N. H.

## ANOTHER OPPONENT FOR CARRIE SMITH.

I beg leave to disagree with Carrie Smith in regard to keeping the Christian holiday. I see no reason why we should not, while there are very many who should. There is sound sense in the old advice of "when you are in Rome do as the Romans do." And it is much better for our cause and for all concerned that we should join our neighbors for the sake of innocent enjoyment, if nothing more. I am sure Carrie Smith is not a mother with little ones about her knee. A spirit of contrariness on our part can only subject us to ridicule and serve to estrange our Christian friends still farther from the cause that is dear to us. If we want to reform something terrible, let us attack something evil.

W. F. HEATH.

(To the Editor of the Women's Club)

In the LIGHT OF TRUTH of January 21st, Mrs. Emily R. Kuch writes of her investigation and belief in Spiritualism, and also refers to the danger of the country from the Church of Rome, and asks: Why not dramatize some of its crimes? Her cry comes from the influence of the spirit side of life, and is a good one. If pictures of that nature were given in vivid colors I feel that a great many would learn by their shades, as the child develops the brain by the eye or sound. A battle is not far off from the enemy of truth, and the spirit knowing this fact better than we, are turning every stone and using the "big" as well as the *smallest* possible chance to help and strengthen the cause. I would like to hear in private from Emily R. Kuch regarding this idea.

MRS. VIRGINIA BARRETT.

A sister says: Some kind friend sent me the LIGHT OF TRUTH, and I rejoice that spirit communion can keep our hearts full of the never-dying faith which says to us: "There is no death." The morning of spiritual light is dawning brighter; its halcyon rays now gild our shores, and the brightness of progress beams upon us. We can see the mighty waves rushing on in a torrent, wreathed with heart-cheer for all mankind. May our hearts thrill and pulsate with love for one another as we scale the heights to glean the light of truth.

SARAH C. BALDWIN.

## A CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

Three cheers for Mrs. Martin! She has the spirit of '76 and an army of such would put the Philistines to flight. Where are the volunteers? I live on a street where in three blocks on one side are sixteen houses, and in these are twelve widows and two self-supporting spinsters, all of them owning property.

These women are not represented at the polls, while the ignorant negro, the foreigner, just fairly landed in this country, the libertine, the gambler, the drunkard, not owning a second coat for their backs, can vote away our property and transact our political business for us, because they "must sacredly guard the virtue of woman lest they get mixed up with lewd women!" Comment is unnecessary. O, shame, where is thy blush? In the days of colored slavery if a slave woman gave birth to a child, no matter who was its father, even if a free white man, the child inherited the mother's condition and must be held a slave. O, ye boasted freemen! What do you think of that? Is there one law of heredity for black mothers and another for white mothers? Under existing laws are not all of you sons of slave mothers? The strongest argument which can be used for the emancipation of woman is that *she is the mother of the race*.

Through the county press I have asked, among other things, to be informed as to the amount of taxes paid by the representative women in the city. I got no response. I then put it in another form: I asked to have the names of such printed on a list and hung in the court-house, so that when the women went to pay their taxes they could affix the amount. But "nary a word got I." Truly, women seem to have no rights men are bound to respect.

I am seventy-seven and can hardly hope to live to see the "curse removed." But I shall work with tongue and pen while I can, and I know that in coming time the rising generation will look back with wonder and shame on the indignities and injustice heaped upon their foremothers.

MRS. P. H. FISHER.

## ANOTHER LYCEUM WANTED.

We are anxious to start a children's lyceum in our place. We organized a society in October last, I think about the 1st, numbering seventeen members. It has increased in numbers rapidly, and now we have a membership of one hundred. Our organization is "The Occult Science Society," and we have succeeded in awakening much interest here. We are anxious to have our children instructed, and something to take the place of the Sunday-school.

MRS. H. N. SWERINGER.

Mary Belle Freely says that the emblem for the World's Fair Women's Building should be an apple, and she adds: "But for Eve the men would be to this day, I suppose, idle, naked, sunburned loafers, like Adam, no better than the beasts, the serpents, and the insects. But she courageously took the apple, rescued the world from sloth, indifference and stupidity, and lifted the human race to a level a 'little lower than the angels.'" Good for Mary Belle! Put the apple right there, and let it be a Belleflower.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## MEETINGS.

**Boston.**—Veteran Spiritualists' Union holds public meetings the first Tuesday of every month at 7:30 p. m. in the Banner of Light Building, 100 South St. President, Mrs. M. T. Longley, sec'y, Mrs. J. H. Storer.

**Brooklyn, N. Y.**—The Brooklyn Progressive Spiritualist Conference meets at Broadway Hall, 200 Fulton street, every Saturday evening at 7:30 p. m. The Brooklyn Society of Spiritualists holds services every Sunday morning at 11 a. m., and 2:30 p. m.; Wednesday evening social at 7:30 p. m. T. H. Dunham, Jr., secretary, 117 State street.

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